

CORY'S TIMELY CARTOON.
SOME DON'T LIKE IT.

The World.

VOL. 41.....NO. 14,488.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 53 to 61 PARK ROW, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.NEW YORK CITY HAS PUT
A PREMIUM ON KIDNAPPING.

Here is a letter which must give a shock to every one who reads it:

Notice to Whom It May Concern:

This is to say that I am empowered to pay \$5,000 for information that will result in restoring Willie McCormick to his parents. I give my word of honor that all dealings to this end will be treated as strictly confidential and in good faith. The money will be paid by me personally when I am enabled to deliver the boy. I have accepted this commission on the condition that no person shall be harmed.

P. F. SHEEDY.

What does this letter mean?

It is a confession by this community that kidnapping can be carried on here as a successful business, that the authorities and the people combined are unable to cope with this form of crime. It is impossible to blame the relatives of the stolen boy. They waited upon the community and the police for three weeks. Every one with a heart must appreciate what those three weeks meant to the mother of that stolen boy.

And during those three weeks what was done?

Well, the police elaborated and remained almost inactive under a baseless, absurd theory that the boy had run away. They even went so far as to insinuate that his parents had driven him from home.

And what did the other authorities do? It was a case calling for action by the Mayor and the Municipal Assembly, since the safety of every home in the city was involved. Yet nothing was done.

And at last the relatives of the stolen boy resorted to this most dangerous, most reprehensible means, for which it is at the same time impossible to condemn them.

It is obviously easier to steal a child in New York City than anywhere else in the country. And now, thanks to our city government, it is made to appear perfectly easy to escape without detection and to reap the reward without punishment.

WHY JOHN BULL GROANS ALOUD.

A deficit of \$265,000,000, another war loan of \$300,000,000, heavy taxes upon such universal commodities as sugar, molasses and glucose, a heavy increase of the income tax—such is the news of the day from Britain's war upon the South African republics. And to it there is this climax: Sir Alfred Milner admits that "the last half-year" of the war "has been one of retrogression."

In spite of enormous expenditures, in spite of the huge army in South Africa, in spite of the arming of Kaffirs, the war upon old men, women and children, the policy of Weyler in Cuba—in spite of all the sacrifices and savageries, "retrogression."

And the higher the burden heaps upon Britain's back and the blacker the page in Britain's history, the more awful will be the warning to greedy and conscienceless might coveting the possessions of a free people, however small.

CROKER'S STRONGEST CARDS.

Two of the strongest cards which Croker & Co. have are:

The possession of the police.

The passion of reformers for futile raids.

Tom Platt estimates that Croker gets about 50,000 votes through his control of the police force. And the probabilities are that Tom is pretty nearly right. No one can estimate the number of votes that Croker gets through the raids of the reformers, but certainly it is a good many tens of thousands.

The futile raid gives the people the impression that the reformers are a Pharisaical, Puritanic lot, who want to reduce New York to the condition of Medicine Lodge, Kan., with Carrie Nation in charge. And the people of New York simply will not have it.

These being the facts, what could be more ludicrous than the present situation—the reformers guaranteeing Croker the police force and creating for him the issue of "wide-open" against "tight-shut?"

SOME OF THE FUN OF THE DAY.

MORE SEDUCTIVE.

"See here," said the lobbyist of the future, "I want you to secure the vote of Mrs. State Senator Jones, of the Sixth District. You ought to get it for \$500."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed his female assistant, "I wouldn't think of offering her that."

"You don't mean to say she'll want more?"

"Oh, no! I'll offer her \$500."

SHE ESCAPED HIM.

Mr. Borem—You haven't been at church lately, have you? I didn't see you last Sunday.

Miss Pepprey—Oh! I guess you must have, if you saw me at all.

Mr. Borem—I—er—beg pardon. I don't understand.

Miss Pepprey—I say if you saw me Sunday you must have seen me last, for I was careful to see you first.

A POOR EXHIBITION.

Stranger—The citizens must have felt very bad when they discovered they had lynched the wrong man.

Native—Terrible! Why, the man we strung up couldn't put up half the fight the real cuss could.

JUST THE REVERSE.

Frederic—I hear our 'varsity team is going to play with the Brooklyn Leaguers next week.

Soph—No, I'm afraid the leaguers are going to play with our team.

THE MAGNET.

"Look here, Dunwell, how do you manage to bring out all your apartment-house debtors? When I ring the bell no one shows up."

"It's dead easy! I go down disguised as a health-food sample distributor. In two minutes every occupant of the house is in the hall."

ONE ON THE COUNT.

"Mr. Dubrau, how did you avert a duel with the near-sighted count?"

"Easy enough. I sent him a porous plaster with a note explaining that it was my practice target at fifty yards. He did not care to stand up before such a dead shot."

LUCK IN LUCK.

"Do you believe there is any luck in black cats?"

"There is luck in mine."

"Ah, indeed?"

"Yes, he just ate a rabbit's foot."

SIGNS OF SPRING.

"It's surely spring! The cricket brown hops on his sawlike legs; The whitewash brush moves up and down."

And the kids are picking eggs.

QUITE PROPER.

Rimer—Oh, pshaw! Does this line sound all right to you, "Tis spring! The sweet anemone doth blow?" Is it right to use blow in that way?

Chimer—Sure, The anemone's the wind flower, you know.

OH, OH, OH! FOR THE JOHNNIES' DOUGH!

By T. E. POWERS.



The "hookies" on the race tracks will now get whatever little cash has been left in society young men's pockets by the beautiful bridge-whistlerinas.

THE EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB.

A Pointer for the "Fifteen."

To the Editor of The Evening World: I see seven more pool-rooms have been raided by the Committee of Fifteen. Now, at worst, gambling is merely a vice, not a crime. Vice has been defined as something that harms only the perpetrator. Crime, on the other hand, harms others as well. Now, as long as so much crime exists, practically unchecked in New York, would not the Committee better set about eradicating that, instead of wasting time in the useless effort to abolish gambling? Crime may be partially crushed. Vice never can and never has been. ERIC F. PETERS.

As to Kidnapping.

To the Editor of The Evening World: This talk of tamely paying huge ransoms for kidnapped boys, "and no questions asked," is a bit of barbarity and cowardice in no way worthy of the present day. To think that men may coolly kidnap a child and then be handsomely paid for their work would be funny, were it not all so horrible. The Government should offer \$100,000 reward for the capture of the kidnappers and then hang them every one, as a lesson to other offenders who may think of following such an example.

The Woman Who Smokes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: People are raising hands in holy horror at thought of a certain doctor's wife having allegedly smoked 2,500 cigarettes, with her husband, in nine days. Now, why not? What can there be to condemn in the simple act of a woman's smoking a dainty cigarette, more especially if her husband joins her in so doing? It is a high time that cranks and Puritans take a half-holiday and let us up-to-date people live as we choose. MARY E. FERGUS.

"The Higher the Power."

To the Editor of The Evening World: Why should the raiding of pool-rooms by the "Fifteen" lead to the possible breaking of several police captains? Does any sane person fancy the Captains were the only people who knew of the pool-rooms' existence? If scapegoats must be found, why not choose

some time to come. Now, Mr. Commissioner, there are about 1,700 details, commonly called snags, now being filched by young, strong, hearty men, who have not been on the force ten years. Would it not be better for the citizens of this city to be protected by these young men in place of these old veterans? Now, Mr. Commissioner, I hope you will look into this and consider the rule in the manual, and do as you see fit with same. A VETERAN.

Where Are the Smoking Cars?

To the Editor of The Evening World: May I ask why no open cars are (apparently) run on Broadway, although we have had many fine warm days when it would have been a delight to ride in such cars? Cannot the company at least stick to its old plan and run open smoking cars now and then? If such cars are now running on Broadway I never see them, and I've been on the lookout for over a week. ALVIN T. CUSHROVE.

Which Would Win?

To the Editor of The Evening World: Will some sporting readers get their judgment to work and kindly state to me if "Terrible Turk" Nourouhah, the wrestler, and James J. Jeffries, heavyweight fighter, should have an argument in the street, and if they got into a fight, who would get the better of it? SOC ET TUUM.

A Hint to Murphy.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I take the liberty of informing M. J. Murphy of one of the wrongs that are existing in his department. There are a great number of old and feeble policemen, who are wearing four and five stripes, who have not complied with, or cannot comply with, the rules of said department in seeking retirement for

SPRING FEVER AT OYSTER BAY.

Being the Supposed Ruminations of Vice-President Roosevelt.

I AM tryin', Benny, tryin', tryin' up at Oyster Bay; tryin' with the V-P, fever And I long to skip away.

Most too soon to go in swimmin', Water in the hole is cold; Oh, this ennu of the V-P, Makes me feel I'm growin' old.

Fishin' isn't yet quite bully, Golf to me is but a snare; Ben, I want to be a cowboy, Want to kill and skin a bear.

Even Tim has some excitement, Tom has fun with his old rot While I'm tied up here with V-P, And spring fever I have got.

Wish I was in Colorado, Huntin' lions anywhere, Wish the Senate was in session, Wish that I could see a bear.

William Mc is goin' to stir up Things out West upon the slope; I must stay and nurse the V-P, Which to me is only dope. F. H. B.

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE ANSWERED BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Rules Concerning Fried Eggs.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: In eating a fried egg should a knife be used to guide it to the mouth? If I am not mistaken, I think it is improper, but I may be wrong. Should the knife be used for the soft part that is left, in order to guide it into the mouth?

REPLY: USE only a fork in separating a fried egg, and also in conveying the egg to the mouth.

You may take a bit of bread in your left hand, and, if necessary, use it to get the egg upon the fork.

The knife is never used, excepting for the purpose of cutting.

He Gave His Photograph.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Some time ago "by request" I gave my photograph to a lady friend of mine with the understanding that I should

receive one of hers in return. Would it be proper for me to write for it?

REPLY: QUITE proper. I think you should have made the request before. If your relations with the young lady are such that you have a right to ask for her photograph.

Clothes Do Not Make the Man.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Is a white vest worn with dark sock coat and trousers considered good taste for attending an evening performance with a lady? I do not possess a full-dress suit.

REPLY: IT would not be considered conventional dress, but a man's a man for all that, and if you have no evening clothes I should wear the dress you describe.

Same Ceremony at Home.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Kindly tell me how a church wedding should be performed.

REPLY: YOU will have to explain to me just what information you desire. The wedding ceremony does not differ, whether performed at home or in a church.

If there are any special points about the ceremony on which you need information I shall be happy to serve you.

Gentlemen Should Escort Ladies.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: We are two young ladies of twenty-one and were asked to go to a bowling party by a young man, and would like to know if it would be proper to go there, as he told us to go to the place and ask for him and it would be all right.

REPLY: THE young gentleman should have asked to escort you. If I were in your place I certainly should not go to the bowling alley to meet him there.

A Sensible Mother.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am a young lady of seventeen and am not allowed to go out after 9 o'clock at night, and if I ask to go out twice a week my mother says that is too much. She says I am safest at home. Advise me.

REPLY: MY best advice to you is to obey your mother, whose opinion I entirely share. You are much too young to go out nights, excepting with your parents or relatives.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.



To cut the house jacket in medium size 5-14 yards of material 27 inches wide, 5-14 yards 22 inches wide, or 2-14 yards 44 inches wide. To cut the three-piece skirt, 4-9 yards 50 inches wide or 8 yards 22 inches wide.

The jacket pattern (No. 371, sizes 22 to 42) will be sent for 10 cents. The skirt pattern (No. 358, sizes 22 to 34) will be sent for 10 cents. Both patterns, send money to "Cashier, The World, Building, New York City."

NEW YORK TYPES.



The Flirting Girl. This is the flirt whose Parisian gown Aids the street cleaners of Gotham town. The only industrial art she'd prize Is the manufacture of goo-goo eyes. And the view she most loves is the grand review Of chappies she meets on the avenue.

NEW YORK TYPES.



In City Hall Park. This is the man who's holding down The parks' nest seats in Gotham town. Although the heartless cop off cops him, Naught from this seated custom stoppeth. Too poor to buy a Waldorf dinner, He's still the foremost bench-show winner.

TABLE LINENS ARE BEAUTIFUL.

AMONG handsome tablecloths are those trimmed with that beautiful Austrian embroidery which is taking the place of Renaissance lace and gimpure. It is as fine and close as ordinary embroidery, and the linen of the cloth is exquisitely fine. There are finger bowls and tumbler dollies to match, and with some patterns also a centerpiece and sideboard scarf.

In the imported satin damasks the newest designs consist of heavily massed foliage patterns in the center. Bunches of lilacs, roses, magnolias, narcissus, pansies and orchids are the flowers most favored. A round or oval space is allowed for the centerpiece, with clusters gracefully upreaching from the borders. For tea tray, buffet and bureau many prefer the new Japanese embroidered scarf, but the American embroideries are generally considered prettier and more suitable. Drawn threadwork was never handomer, and lace-trimmed dollies never daintier.

HER REVENGE.

THE Boy he kissed The Little Girl, Which made her Flounce and frown and furl. And presently She burst into A most unmusical Boo-hoo.

"Some day," she cried, "I shall get square With you for doing that, So there."

She called him "James" Instead of "Jim." And after awhile She married him.